

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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When Dusty Mowed the Field.

BY MARY DAVIS.

ON the first day of the term the eighth grade room was crowded. Sterling Gray, Richard Ross, and Thomas Wilson, known to their intimates as Dusty, Reddy, and Tug respectively, sat at a narrow oilcloth-covered table and grinned at Billie Dwight, who was stationed in solitary uncomfortable state at the teacher's desk. By and by Mr. Carpenter, the young and energetic superintendent, bustled in.

"We'll send Richard, Thomas, William, and Sterling up to the Academy," he decided, and five minutes later the four friends were on their way.

"Say, fellers," chuckled Reddy Ross after he had turned several handsprings in rapid succession, "only one session a day for us now. What do you think of that?"

"We'll have to study all afternoon and night," groaned Tug, who always looked on the blackest side of everything.

Billie Dwight hit him vigorously between the shoulder blades. "My cousin, Jim Hastings, hardly glances at a book outside, so there."

"Wake up, Dusty! What are you dreaming about," demanded Reddy as he pinched him slyly.

Dusty blinked a moment at Reddy with his near-sighted blue eyes. Then he stuttered as he always did when he was excited. "I—I—I am going to st-stick," he blurted out at last.

Reddy, Tug, and Billie suddenly became sober. "Wouldn't it be dreadful to be sent back and have all the eighth-grade fellers laughing at you?" sighed Reddy. And the four became silent and thoughtful.

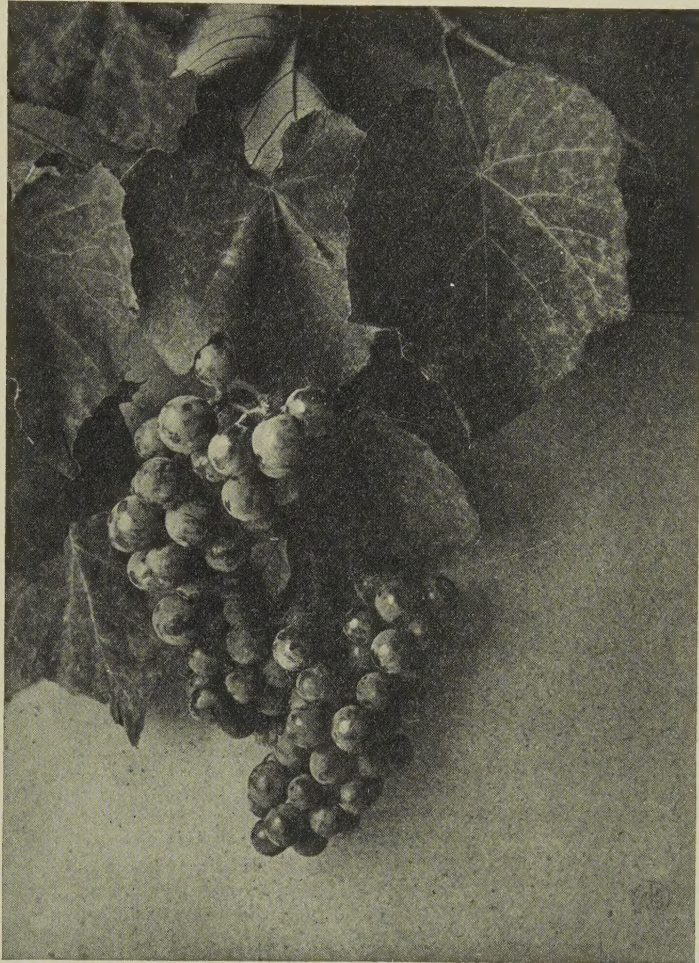
Five minutes later they were standing in the office of the old principal, Dr. Avery. Dusty glanced at his long white beard, his somewhat long and wavy white hair, and the noble forehead and deep far-seeing blue eyes, and thought of the portrait of the Poet Longfellow that hung in the seventh grade room of the Everett School. He shook hands with each of the boys cordially.

"We are very glad to give you boys a chance. Of course it will depend upon yourselves whether you remain with us or not. Let me see. You had better get to English as soon as possible." He pressed a button and a fine-looking boy hurried in.

The four youngsters' faces brightened, for King Richardson was one of the leaders of the local Boy Scouts. He was tall and heavy for his age and in their opinion deserved his unusual Christian name.

"Richardson," remarked the doctor, "take these four new boys to the English room. And take a few moments after school to show them the ropes." He smiled kindly, and the four left the office with their old friend.

Tug, Billie, and Dusty were very much impressed as they listened to the recitations of the first year class. But Reddy's flaming curls bristled and his hazel eyes shone as he



By William S. Davis.

October Menus.

BY BEULAH RECTOR.

AUTUMN days, pink haze
Over stubble field;
Piles of pumpkins on the porch
Garden's lavish yield;
Apples sugary and good
Under orchard trees;
Chestnuts in the yellow wood
Dropping in the breeze;
Purple grape, juicy pear,
FEASTS FOR CHILDREN EVERYWHERE.

Frosty moon, wood perfume,
Sumac cones of red;
Cherries burnished on the bough,
Cedars harvest-spread;
Barberries by the fences old,
Thorn bushes gay;
Bittersweet in globes of gold,
Who could turn away?
Million acorns on the ground,
FEASTS FOR BIRDS ARE ALL AROUND.

listened interestedly. The class were learning to write descriptions. "I would like five volunteers to pass to the board and write a brief description of their favorite character in history," said Miss Ware, crisply.

Up went Reddy's hand. He flushed as some of the boys in the back seats shuffled their feet slightly. "I like your spirit," Miss Ware said very decidedly; "go to the board nearest you."

The other volunteers were girls. Reddy wrote rapidly in his precise, small, vertical hand and was through before any of the others.

A smile of approval spread through the class as Miss Ware read:

"NAPOLEON.

"As Napoleon stood upon the mound with his officers I forgot that he was short and poorly formed, for he bore himself like a king. His feet were wide apart, his arms were folded quietly upon his breast, but his great head was thrust forward and his eyes were cold and bright. He was blind to the wounded men at his feet. He did not wince as the bullets flew past his head. For his thoughts were on victory."

"Very original," approved Miss Ware, and she made a little note on her pad.

Algebra followed English and last of all came history. Then they filed out into the sunlight once more. King Richardson overtook them with flying steps. "How did you fellows like?" he asked genially.

Tug groaned and pointed to a bulky brown algebra, an English history, and a rhetoric. "If we study all afternoon and night we'll get about a third of the lessons."

King's gray eyes flashed. "The faculty haven't any right to give us such long lessons," he said hotly. "But there is a way. At least some fellows manage," he looked at them keenly before he went on. "Reddy is good in English, isn't he? Well, if he should write four different descriptions of the Town House. Then if Tug should hunt up the references in history and copy the most important things for the rest to refer to in the first study period. The algebra is the worst. So let Billie do the first five problems and Dusty the last. Mr. Thompson never takes up the home work in class, so you are all right."

Reddy's hazel eyes twinkled with admiration. "That's just what we will do," he declared. "It's pretty nice—isn't it?—that Dusty and Billie are wonders in Math and that Tug and I are fairly decent in English and history."

"It's just applying a little system," commented King. He put a friendly hand on Reddy's shoulder. "Say, how would you fellows like to go on a six-mile hike this afternoon?"

Tug grunted approvingly, Billie danced what he considered an Indian war dance, but Dusty hesitated. Then he glanced at handsome, clear-eyed King and nodded.

So the boys had a memorable afternoon, although Dusty was sleepy and tired as he reached for his algebra. Gradually, however, as he struggled with a refractory equation his brain cleared and he not only did his allotted share of the day's task but Billie's five. He slammed down the algebra and reached suddenly for his pad and began a labored description of the new Town House. Half an hour later he took his cap and ran over to the Library, where he set doggedly to work on the references relating to King James' reign. Tug bustled in as his task was about completed.

"You here?" he asked curiously. "Why, I thought I was to make enough notes for the whole crowd."

"I left little strips of paper in the right places," evaded Dusty.

Tug nodded curtly, and Dusty flushed and went out. The boys rushed up onto Dusty's porch the next morning at about quarter to eight. Reddy's eyes were eager as he waved three sheets of paper in the air. "Here are the descriptions, boys, and they're all right, too." He chuckled again happily.

Dusty did not believe in beating about the bush. "I've changed my mind about studying that way. So I wrote my description. Of course it isn't as good as yours, Reddy, but it's my own."

Reddy turned as red as the king of the beet family. "I didn't know you were one to crawl out of a bargain," he said wrathfully. "Didn't King Richardson say it was all right? No, we *don't* want your algebra papers. Come on, fellows! We're not good enough to walk with him."

Reddy dashed off, followed closely by Tug and Billie. Dusty trudged sorrowfully after. "I suppose the fellows will all feel that way," he thought. "And maybe I'm wrong."

But when King approached him pleasantly he stood to his guns. "All right," said King, "if you get an 'Unsatisfactory' in English, don't blame us. But remember, Dusty, if you want to stay in the Academy you had better work with your friends. You understand?"

Dusty blinked rapidly for a minute. Then he stuttered as he always did when he was excited. "I—I—I'll stay here if I can, but I—I won't ch-cheat for anybody."

King turned away, looking rather disturbed. The morning did not turn out as well for Dusty's friends as they had planned. Reddy received an "A" for his theme, but Tug and Billie received a "C," the minimum passing mark, which was exactly what Dusty got. In the algebra class Tug and Reddy floundered miserably, while Billie made a wretched history recitation. Dusty received an "A" in algebra and a "B" in history.

The next day, however, the tables were suddenly turned, and Reddy, Tug, and Billie received "A" in everything, while Dusty had to be content with two "C's" and a "B." He guessed that King was lending them his algebra papers, but he asked no questions. The month wore away, and Dusty was almost at the bottom of the class. Then one day Mr. Thompson, the algebra teacher, announced genially: "That example about mowing the field was a hard one. I was pleased to see that over three-fourths of the class have it correctly solved. Suppose Ross, Wilson, Field, Dwight, and Harris pass to the board and put on the equations."

The room was so still that the ticking of the clock in the front of the room seemed a loud noise. The five boys made a feeble attempt to put on the required equations and then one by one gave up. More unhappy youths took their places and likewise failed. Dusty and King were the last ones called. Dusty had spent two hours on the problems and slowly but surely put his method of solving it on the blackboard. Brilliant King had chosen a shorter way of solving it and was through first.

Mr. Thompson read Dusty's last equation through meaningly.

"And x equals ten hours, the time in which A could mow the field alone."

"I congratulate you, Gray, on mowing your own field alone."

He looked over accusingly at King. "I find that several of those who failed have your equations on the papers they have just passed."

"I wonder if you are aware," he said sternly to the listening class, "that Miss Ware has known that the majority of the themes in her class have been written by three boys since the first day of the month? And I have suspected that the algebra done at home was perhaps too good. Now Mr. Avery wishes to see the twelve boys who cheated in his office."

Dusty waited about miserably after school. At last Reddy and the two others appeared. "Have you got to go back to eighth grade?" demanded Dusty. "Because if you are, I'm going, too."

Reddy linked arms in the old familiar, affectionate way. "We're to have another month's trial, and," he choked a little, "we're all going to do our own mowing after this."

Mysterious Poppuns.

BY LOUISE M. HAYNES.

LET'S creep around under those oak trees and attack the wigwam," whispered John to Ned and Henry.

The boys, in their Indian costumes, went as noiselessly as possible on moccasined feet toward some big oak trees, under which a wigwam stood, where boy scouts were hiding.

Pop! Bang! Bang! Pop!

"Wow! Who's shooting?" cried Henry, leaping into the air. "It sounded very near, almost underfoot. The scouts must be playing tricks on us. Maybe they put something explosive here to warn them, if we should come near their wigwam."

There was no need to whisper any more, for the explosions and the boys' excited talk had reached the ears of the scouts hiding in the wigwam. They ran, laughing derisively, to Ned, John, and Henry, whose attack on their wigwam was so unsuccessful.

Pop! Bang!

The advancing boys leaped up, as Henry had done.

"Somebody's been trying to be funny and put torpedoes or something in the dry leaves," shouted one of the boys, angrily.

"It's brown balls, that pop when we step on them; see this one," and Ned held up a ball about an inch and a half in diameter.

"Let's cut it open and see what makes it pop," John said, opening his knife. He cut it in halves and found inside the hard shell a pulpy substance.

"Let's ask our scout master what they are," Henry suggested.

"They were near oak trees, weren't they?" the scout leader asked. "A certain kind of gallfly has a fancy for oak leaves, and lays an egg on one; at the same time she stings the leaf, putting a drop of poison on it, which makes it swell around her egg, forming a covering that grows brown as the leaf dries, and looks like a ball. When the egg hatches, a little worm appears, which finally turns into a gallfly like its mother and cuts its way out of prison. We can probably find some balls with round holes on the surface, that show where the fly flew away." "Next time we try to make a secret attack, we'll see that no oak trees are in our way," Henry said decidedly.

The Weed and the Sparrow.

BY HARRIET H. FIERSON.

ATALL weed stood in the corner, Where the mower had passed it by.

"Aha! good luck, good luck!" it cried;

"I will scatter my seeds afar and wide;

They will grow and multiply."

But a little tree-sparrow came flying

That way ere the day was done;

With his hungry bill he plucked each seed

From the swaying stalk of the tall brown weed,

And swallowed them one by one.

Then the farmer said to the sparrow,

"I'd be happy to have you stay;

I see that you are a friend of mine;

You are welcome always to come and dine,

Whenever you pass this way."

An Outdoor Moving Day.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

"IF we listen carefully to-day, perhaps we may hear many 'good-bys,'" said Madge's mother, with a mysterious smile, as they started for an afternoon stroll through the fields and lanes at grandpa's. "The mother plants are sending their children out into the world to seek their fortunes."

"I know! The little seeds!" cried Madge, proudly, remembering recent Language lessons. "And I suppose their mothers make them scrub their teeth and brush their hair before they start them out—and kiss them good-by!" she laughed.

"Do you know why the seeds must be scattered near and far instead of cuddling down near their home?" queried Mrs. Murray.

"I can guess that puzzle, too!" declared Madge, quickly. "Our teacher told us that if all the seeds dropped too near the mother plant, there wouldn't be food or sunlight enough, nor room to grow."

"Good! You have been learning some nature facts, haven't you? Dear me! I'm glad I brought my veil. The wind is out for a romp; and when he is most playful, he is really helping the seeds and plants. The seeds that feel tired or lazy may just let him carry them 'over the hills and far away.' They love to frolic with their great, rough playmate, I'm sure."

"Yes, and he teased me a little in passing!" laughed Madge, chasing her runaway bonnet, that seemed to be alive, keeping just out of her reach.

"Old Mother Pine has dropped a great many cones to-day," remarked Mrs. Murray, pointing to an old pioneer on the hill, "and they have all rolled away, scattering their seeds—which will mean a pine nursery for future years. You know some seeds are hidden like precious gems in beautiful cases. Sometimes the jewel caskets are big, sometimes mere Tom Thumbs. Nature's artist chooses lovely hues for them,—golden, russet, and orange. And the queer thing about it is that you and I and our neighbors think nothing of eating those pretty cases!"

Madge paused and eyed her mother suspiciously. "Now, mother," she said, dimpling, "that must be a new fairy tale! Do tell me the rest!"

"What have you in your hand this minute?" asked, mother. Then the girl's eye danced and she laughed merrily.

"Oh, you mean fruit! That's a nice new game. Let's see if I can think of some that are colored like jewels." Madge prepared to check her guesses off on her fingers. "There's the cherry; it is like a big ruby. Grapes are like clusters of that pretty gem on your chain—what is it?"

"Amethyst," nodded her mother, smiling. "What about that rosy Jonathan you are nibbling?"

"It is almost the color of those old-fashioned garnets grandma has. We'll call Mr. Jonathan a giant garnet. Those Catawba

grapes on the buffet at home might be play-like opals, I think."

Mrs. Murray applauded Madge's make-believe. "And don't forget John's Hallowe'en treasure," she reminded. "It is simply a great seed case."

"I never thought of an old pumpkin being a jewel case!" cried Madge. "It's so much nicer to think of common, everyday things as pretty, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear, for everything in the world is interesting and wonderful. Never forget that there's not a single common thing about us anywhere. God's miracles are our daily needs."

Madge looked sober as she squeezed her mother's hand. They were walking along the brookside now, and Madge stopped to put her apple core afloat, and watch it sail



"There go the milkweed air-ships."

merrily off in company with red and russet leaf boats. "Float away, little seeds, and make some apple trees somewhere else!" she cried.

They crossed the truant brook, and skirted a graceful clump of willows, that leaned over, telling their secrets to the stream. Some lonely, bald dandelions swayed in the autumn wind, and dreamed of the bright spring days when they had boasted golden hair.

"Dandelions must need nightcaps these frosty nights, I think," Madge decided. "Oh, see, there go the milkweed airships!" Some of the little craft sailed gayly away, while others met with sudden accidents, and landed in the brook, which laughed and gurgled over them.

"Here's some gray-haired goldenrod, and there's a thistle with its fine cotton!" called

Mrs. Murray. "And we must watch out for naughty little tramps, now. They're like beggars waiting for horses to ride, so look out," she cautioned as they left the friendly pasture and struck into a road that ran through a pretty grove.

"Oh, they have stolen a ride on you, Madge!" and Mother Murray gingerly pulled off some sly prickly burs. "Now we had better go home and help prepare some seeds for supper, I think," she said as she glanced at her wrist watch. They had followed the little path through the grove and circled about to the home road again, and still felt unwilling to leave the autumn sunshine and the beautiful Outdoors.

"Do you mean fruit again?" asked Madge, gathering some aster stars to keep the goldenrod plumes company.

"Oh, no! Some of our important foods are plain seeds. Wheat, corn, beans, and peas"—

"And rice?" interrupted Madge. "And nuts, too. Oh, look! there's John coming to find us. Doesn't he make his new wheel spin?"

"I'll race you to meet him," proposed Madge's mother. And away they flew toward the little bridge, with Mrs. Murray a little in the lead.

English Sparrows.

BY I. G. WITT.

ONE cold Sunday morning Melvin was going to Sunday school with his mother. His father and the new minister were walking ahead. Presently they frightened a large group of sparrows which were huddled in a sunny spot on the sidewalk.

"Little immigrants!" laughed the minister.

"What does he mean, mamma?" whispered Melvin. "I thought immigrants were people who came from another country."

"I never heard them called that before," she laughed, "but that is just what they are."

"Years ago, before you or I were born, our country was overrun with a pest which injured our trees, threatened our crops, and did much general damage. Scientists, who made a study of the trouble, said that English sparrows, if we had them in America, would kill these bugs and worms. So a number were brought over from England. They have been growing in numbers ever since until we have more English sparrows than any other bird."

"They are called English sparrows because they come from England, and few can distinguish them from our own American sparrows, which are somewhat smaller but have a sweeter note."

Then God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song,
Bless ye the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

ROCKLAND, MASS.,
101 Webster Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Rockland. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much. Our minister's name is Rev. Arthur Sargent.

I am president of the Girls' Lend-a-Hand Club here. But we call ourselves the Willing Workers.

I am already a member of the Beacon Club and I think most of the girls in my class are.

I am corresponding with Lillie Turner and would like to with some other girls of my age. I am twelve years old.

Yours truly,

HAZEL DAMON.

PORTLAND, ME.,
12 Gray Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I belong to the Unitarian Sunday school in Portland. There are two boys and three girls in our class. Miss Thorndike is my teacher. I would like to join the Beacon Club very much and have a Beacon Club pin.

Your friend,

BETTY ALDEN.
(Age 12 years.)

P.S. I am enclosing a few puzzles.

B. A.

"To Thine Own Self be True."

BY ESTHER G. BABSON.

"HOW foolish for little Nora Black to be so proud, mother, isn't it?" "Why, what has she done, dear?" inquired Mrs. Holway, as she stood in the door, watching her daughter Elsie pull on her gloves preparatory to going to the city for a violin lesson.

"Why, she wouldn't take the washing home in a bag yesterday; she insisted on having a box, so I hunted around and finally found a tailor's box, and the joke of it was, I was behind her, later on, when she came out of the post-office, and I heard Mr. Hall say, 'Good-morning, Nora! you certainly are your mother's helper, aren't you, with that heavy box of washing? Ask your mother if she can take any more?' So she didn't deceive him with her box; he didn't think she had a tailored suit in it." Elsie buttoned her second glove with rather a triumphant air, and ran down the street with her violin in its case.

This was her first lesson with a new and expensive teacher, and she was not averse to letting her wealthy new neighbor see her pass the window. The dear desire of her heart was to play at concerts, and imagination wafted her down the street on golden wings, hoping that the exclusive newcomers would see her and think her a professional player.

Elsie boarded the crowded car and found, sitting near her, the very lady whom she had so wished to impress. The lady, Mrs. West, recognized her young neighbor, and said politely:

"Don't you want to rest your violin on my knees? It is an unwieldy thing to carry if you are not used to it. I think I've heard

you practising occasionally. I play myself," continued the lady, totally unaware of the shattered air-castle at her feet. "When I began to study the violin, I was a little younger than you, and very small; the boys would call out, 'Hello, fiddle, where are you going with the girl?' How mortified I used to be!" Mrs. West laughed gayly, showing her even, beautiful teeth. "Well, it's a long, hard road to travel, but it brings its reward in the end."

As Elsie finally slipped into a vacant seat, her sense of humor came to the rescue.

"There I was," she mused, "berating poor little Nora for being proud, and trying to be something more than she was; and I've done the same thing really. Well, we both of us came down to earth with a thud, which I, for my part, deserved."

Sunday School News.

THE superintendent of our Unitarian Sunday school at Montpelier, Vt., is also teacher of manual training in the high school of that city. He has been elected president of the county Sunday School Association, and the secretary of the school was elected secretary of the same Association.

The Editor of *The Beacon* gave the address to the Sunday school and church congregation at Dedham, Mass., at their Children's Day service on June 4, and at the same service in the Third Unitarian Church, Dorchester, on June 11. In both churches there was an excellent attendance both of children and grown people, and awards for perfect attendance for the year were presented to a large number of pupils in each school.



YORK, PA.,
36 South Hartman Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—There is no Unitarian Sunday school in York, but I attend the Reformed Sunday school. We receive *The Beacon* every week and enjoy it very much.

I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours sincerely,
CHARLES HUIZZARD.
(Age 11.)

TEMPLETON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—We are three friends and enjoy reading *The Beacon*, we attend the Unitarian Sunday school. Mr. Skerrye is our minister. May we join the Club and earn the Beacon button?

Yours truly,

SIBYL AIKEN.
(10)

IRENE AIKEN.
(14)

JESSIE CLAPP.
(13)

New members of our Club in Massachusetts are Bernice Green and Marie Salminer, Ashby; Willard Busch, Boston; Katherine Graves Bartlett, Marblehead; Ella Vesce, Revere; Earle Brett, Thomas Bryant, and Carl Georg Horst, Jr., Wollaston, Mass.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA V.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 9, 12, 11, is a friend.
My 3, 4, 10, is a grain.
My 2, 6, 13, is a meat.
My 5, 12, 11, is an amount.
My 11, 6, 7, is a person.
My 8, 2, 12, 5, is an adverb.
My whole is a well-known flower.

RUTH M. TURNER.

ENIGMA VI.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 22, 6, 13, 22, is a country.
My 12, 9, 10, 10, is part of a harness.
My 1, 5, 13, 4, is what workers do.
My 2, 17, 21, 16, 15, is a noble animal.
My 18, 3, 22, 20, 8, is a special meal.
My 23, 24, 18, a kind of fairy.
My 14, 3, 7, is a wager.
My 14, 19, 14, 24, 9, is a valuable book.
My 11, 21, 3, 15, beautifies landscapes.
My whole is spoken of in Hebrew History.

BERTHA C. VOGEL.

DIAMOND.

		I		
	8	2	9	
8	10	3	11	12
I	2	3	4	5
9	11	5	13	14
	12	6	14	
		7		

I is a consonant.

8-2-9 is to clean or scour.

8-10-3-11-12 is torn down to the ground.

1-2-3-4-5-6-7 perplexes.

9-11-5-13-14 underneath.

12-6-14 is vapor condensed from the atmosphere.

7 is a consonant.

Scattered Seeds.

IN THE BARN.

"At milking time," said Farmer Redds, "In my cow barn were twenty heads." Twenty heads and seventy-two feet—That was the number, all complete. How many cows and how many men Were in the barn at milking time, then?

The Visitor.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. I.

ENIGMA I.—Never think you have done too much, for there's always something to do.

ENIGMA II.—Edward Everett Hale.

ACROSTIC.—Raymond. Rays, arch, your, Mary, ours, name, Dick.

TRANSPOSSED WORDS.—1. Star, rats. 2. Dog, god. 3. Otto, Otto. 4. Wolf, flow. 5. Tip, pit.

WORD SQUARE.—P O R T

O B E Y

R E A R

T Y R E

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REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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